

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, JAN. 15, 1862

VOL. 9--NO. 6.

Select Poetry.

Winter.

BY W. H. DAVIS.

King Winter sits upon his throne,
And beneath his trumpet sound;
Already the earth is covered deep
Underneath a snow white shroud;
Through the wintry air the snow flakes
Fly thick and fast from a cloudy sky;
They cover the ground with a raiment
White—
The old man's shawl, but the boys' de-
light.
Many feet of the snow now lie
On the frozen soil below,
And many an inch of slippery ice
Checks the streamlets onward flow;
The rivers and ponds are frozen o'er
With the glassy ice from shore to shore
To the merry skaters' throng for joy,
From the gray-haired also to the small
school-boy.
Yes, Winter reigns—there monarch he—
Little cares he for young or old;
He has for the poor no sympathy,
Though much they dread his cold;
He treats us all with the strength of his
might,
While he covers the earth with his snow
and white.
And the poor in his frosty breath
That freezes every poor one to death
Alighting thus on you many there be
Who long for old Winter to come;
They dread his winds, that blow
fierce and cold.
Through many a cheerless home;
To these I would say, remember the
poor,
And charity that comes to your door,
And from thy abundance give often
and free,
What God in his mercy hath given to
thee.

ARTHUR GOODALL; —OR— LOVE OPPRESSION AND EX- TERMINATION.

By R. Hamilton.

Nay had come with its buds, leaves
and blossoms—the streams were leaping
and sparkling in the golden sunshine—
The shepherd's pipe was heard on the
mountains and in the valley, mingling
with the cheerful shout of the husband-
man as he drove his "jocund team." All
nature seemed to rejoice at the rosy
beign of summer which had at once burst
forth in its richness of beauty from the
embraces of a tardy spring. It was at
this period that one one lovely morning,
I found myself in the pleasant village of
Westmoreland, in the county of Westmore-
land, red in hand, departing for my fa-
ther's amusement to a beautiful lake in
the heart of the mountains of that ro-
mantic district. As yet, the inhabi-
tants were not stir, and one unbroken
silence reigned over the hamlet. The
white gardens which lay before each
snowy cottage, were glittering with the
dews of night—the mass-rose and the
woodbine twined in luxuriant beauty
around the trellised porches and cas-
ements, where nestling, the robin, with
the pipe of melody, warbling his matin
 hymn. Just as I had reached the end
of the village, my attention was arrested
by a young man seated at the door of
one of the cottages, so deeply absorbed
in meditation, that he was unconscious
of my approach until I was close upon
him; he then started up and began
buying himself in collecting together
some scattered implements, which, with
his costume, betokened his calling to be
that of a smith. It was plainly appar-
ent that he was laboring under some
considerable excitement, for I beheld
him draw his hand across his eyes, and
wring his head as if unwilling that I
should perceive his emotion. He was a
fine manly looking fellow and I thought
that the cause which could bring a tear
into such eyes, must be one of extraor-

inary nature. Pretending that my ap-
paratus required some repair, in which
he could aid me, I found means to draw
him into conversation, but though civil
in his language, he appeared to refrain
from being too communicative, so that
despairing of success in finding the cause
of his sorrow, (for still the tear would
occasionally glisten in his eye) I was
about departing from the spot, when a
beautiful girl, panting, and almost breath-
less, appeared before us. On perceiv-
ing me she started back, and would have
retired, but the young man prevented
her by kindly saying,
"Come hither, Jessy, you have noth-
ing to fear; this gentleman is only a
stranger."
"I wish I were a friend," I replied,
"that I might serve you."
The young man cast me a look of in-
dignation, as if he deemed my remark a
liberty to which I was not entitled.
"Pray be not offended," I said, "You
may consider me intrusive, and perhaps,
impertinent, in seeking to inquire into
your afflictions, but believe me I am ac-
tuated by the kindest feelings. I saw
that some calamity weighed heavily upon
you and resolved, if in my power, to
share it—I see too, that this young
maiden is a sharer in your sorrows; con-
fide, then to me, your secret. I am sin-
cere—candid in my motives, and you
will find that my wish to serve you will
keep pace with my profession."
The young girl who stood by his side,
and who had now taken his hand, looked
wistfully in his face. It was a look that
bespoke a heart full of anxiety, love and
sorrow. We regarded her a moment with
the kindest sympathy—his lips quivered—
the blood mounted to his cheek, his dark
flashing eyes were drowned in tears, and
he strained the innocent creature to his
bosom.
"Sir, sir," he said he could not utter
more, but extending to me his hand
grasped mine firmly. It was more elo-
quent than a reply. The next minute
he was himself again, while he continued,
"You are kind, sir, generous, but you
cannot aid me; and, even if you could,
and were willing, yet stranger to me, as
you are, I could not accept your offer—
my secret, you are welcome to, because
to day it will be known in the village.
Yes, sir, you can serve me, you shall
lean the cause of my sufferings, and
when I am gone far from the home of my
father, perhaps you will refute the voice
of calumny, and do justice to my name."
"Willingly," I replied. "I pledge
my honor to fulfill your request."
"To-day, sir," he continued, "I leave
this village."
"And for what—from what cause?"
I inquired.
"From oppression and villany—to
avoid the finger of scorn which will be
pointed at me, because I am a beggar."
"And is that all," I inquired.
"Ah," he bitterly retorted, "and is
it not enough? to be driven from my na-
tive village like a thief—to know that
the dwelling of my boyhood—the cot-
tage in which I first beheld the light of
day, where a mother's love and a father's
blessing once awaited me, shall pass
into the possession of others?"
"No, Arthur, no!" passionately ex-
claimed the young female, clasping her
arms around his neck, and bursting into
tears, "no, Arthur, you must not, shall
not leave us, or, if you do, I will accom-
pany you."
It was no longer to be concealed that
this was an affair of the heart; while the
young man, by this sudden appeal to his
feelings, was quite unmanned—he stood
irresolute—the poor girl hung sobbing
on his bosom; at length he continued—
"This is folly, Jessy—you know that
I could never brook to see the home of
my boyhood in the possession of a stran-
ger. There are bright skies and green
fields elsewhere, kinder hearts, and
sweeter faces than—no, Jessy, not swee-

ter face—for go where I may, thy face
will be ever the sunshine of my existence,
while the remembrance of thy love shall
urge me to exertion to acquire prosperi-
ty. Come, come, do not weep, we will
yet be happy, in spite of hard hearted
fathers and creditors."
"And is it merely your inability to
defray a lawful debt, that compels you to
desert your native village?" asked I.
"Nothing more, sir," he replied. "A
debt contracted to save the memory of
a departed father from the odium of an
unfeeling world."
"And which you have not the means
to liquidate?"
"Yes, sir, not for the present. I asked
but time, but that was denied me. My
poor father! Would to Heaven that
I were slumbering beside him. Pray,
sir, forgive me. I am wandering—my
mind is disturbed. You have promised
to avert the breath of slander from my
name when I am gone, and it is neces-
sary that you should know the cause of
my suffering. It is brief—a tale of every
day occurrence. My father, sir, was a
man once well to do in this village.
Thirty years, by honest industry, did he
hold his head erect, clear from speck or
shame, till my poor father died, and the
blight of sorrow brought disease to his
frame. Where were happiness and prosperi-
ty, were now suffering and poverty.
Still, sir, he wanted for nothing that
this hand and the sweat of brow could
procure; but trouble follows trouble, and
at length I too was laid on the bed of
sickness—debts were now contracted—
embarrassments followed, till, at last
my father's spirit sought another world
and I was left alone. For myself I cared
not, for I well knew that my own ex-
ertions could always procure me independ-
ence, but a hard hearted creditor of my
deceased parent, demanded settlement
of a debt contracted in his illness. It
was not in my power to defray it, and he
threatened an immediate execution. I
expostulated, but 'twas in vain, and, at
length, to save the memory of my father
from reproach, I bound myself for its
payment. A week since it became due,
when I was disappointed in my expecta-
tions to meet it. I asked but a month
longer, but he would not grant it—scold-
ed at my 'fine feelings of honor,' as he
called them—obtained the legal process
for the sale of my home and its effects,
and, to-day, I am a beggar in the world.
May my curse!"
"O, Arthur!" exclaimed the girl,
catching his arm, which he had raised
in the act of his ejaculation—"O, Ar-
thur, curse him not. There is retribution
in heaven. You are not a beggar; look
here! here are the savings of three years
from the moment we first plighted our
vows; take them, Arthur, you shall not
leave me penniless. I know your noble
heart—your industrious nature. Take
this—and use it and doubt not with the
blessing of God, you will prove prosper-
ous."
"No, Jessy, no!" he replied, "I
will not rob you. Death might overtake
me, and would be a bitter remembrance
in my last moments to know that—"
"That what, Arthur?—that I had
made you happy? O! Arthur, Arthur,
you do not love me! responded the af-
fectionate creature: The young man
pressed her to his heart, but could not
speak, while she continued; "Yes, Ar-
thur, I know you will accept it for my
sake—for your Jessy's, as you have al-
ways so kindly called me—and look—
here is what I am sure you will not re-
fuse—my miniature; if you will love
that half as well as I am sure you do
the original, I will try to be—ha—happy
in your absence."
Arthur took it, and pressed to his lips
placed it in his bosom—then on those of
Jessy he imprinted a warm and fervent
salutation. At this moment voices were
heard in earnest conversation, and the
next, thing Jessy's father with Weasel,
the cruel creditor, stood in our presence.

"Come home!" exclaimed Mr. Wil-
liams to his daughter. "I expected
that I would find you here. Arthur
Goodall, I thought, sir, that I had charged
you to encourage this foolish girl
in a passion which can never be realized.
I have often told you, sir, that my daugh-
ter can never be yours. And even now,
when you are in the very jaws of ruin,
you dare to despise my commands, and
rob me of my child!"
Arthur spoke not, but smiled con-
temptuously upon the old man. Poverty
is ever the mark for the abuse and sneers
of the unfeeling.
"Come home," he continued, drag-
ging Jessy from the embrace of Arthur,
rendered furious by the smile which Ar-
thur cast upon him—it spoke daggers to
his soul.
The poor girl yielded reluctantly to
her father's commands, but more to his
violence, while Weasel, advancing to Ar-
thur, requested to know "by what right
he was still there?"
"By the right of God and my birth,"
cried he, "and the curse of that God
rest upon that man who seeks to drive
me from it."
Weasel shrunk back appalled, while
Arthur stood, with his arms extended, his
fists clenched, and his eyes flashing with
fire of revenge, he was a human tiger,
ready to spring upon his prey; but he
felt it was unworthy of him, and he faint-
ly muttered "Villain! villain!"
At length Weasel showed a sign of
courage, and advancing again to Arthur
desired him to quit the dwelling, at the
same time he placed his hand upon his
side, as if to enforce his command.
Patience now ceased to be a virtue.
The spirit of tribulation took possession
of the heart of Arthur, and the next
moment his oppressor lay senseless at his
feet.
"Wretch, viper!" he exclaimed,
"were it not that thy blood is unworthy
of my hands, with thy life thou shouldst
expiate thy oppression."
"O, Arthur, Arthur," screamed Jessy,
"do not—do not, for my sake, im-
bue your hands in the blood of that man
Oppressor, villain, as he is, leave him
to his own conscience, and the punishment
of Heaven!"
"I will, Jessy, I will," he replied,
"but this is no place for me; the hounds
of law will speedily be here, and to find
me thus, will only bring double misery
upon me. Farewell! farewell, my girl.
Think of me—pray for me!" He was
about to approach her, but her dady in-
terposed. "Enough, sir, you have done
your worst," continued Arthur. "You
may part us in being, but you cannot in
soul. Mr. Williams you will see the
hour when you will repent you of your
injustice, when I shall demand, not me,
for the hand of your daughter. God
bless you, my girl; farewell!" He fled
from the spot. Weasel gradually began
to show signs of recovery and conscious-
ness, for which I was not sorry, for the
sake of Arthur.
"Follow him, comfort him," cried
Jessy to me. I did so. Her blessing
rang in my ear as I departed on my er-
rand.
It was with difficulty that I overtook
Arthur, so rapidly had he fled from the
scene of his suffering, and when I did,
he was in no mood to listen to me. How-
ever, by persuasion, and my proffers to
serve him, he was induced to confide in
me, and accept a letter to a friend of
mine in a neighboring town, who I knew
would be of service to him, at the same
time I promised to be the receiver of
any correspondence he might be pleased
to send to Jessy, and that I would have
it safely delivered to herself. With this
understanding we parted, he to seek his
fortune, and I to muse over the curious
circumstances by which we had so singu-
larly become acquainted.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)
—Kentucky has now in the field four
fine regiments of cavalry, and eighteen in-
fantry regiments, with others forming.

**INTERESTING RAIL ROAD
DIALOGUE.**
Notwithstanding our wonderful pro-
gress as a people—our steam and elec-
tricity, our schools and colleges—there
are still here and there some people who
have never seen or travelled in anything
like a railroad car. An entire family of
this class, consisting of a man, wife son
and daughter, residing in an adjoining
county, took passage one morning last
week, for a thorough trip over the Penn-
sylvania Rail Road.
The party—our reporter carefully tak-
ing notes—on the platform, and the
cars backing up.
Fanny—(the daughter) Hi, mommy,
so gwiss ich habe de kummen hinner-
sich?
Mommy—Well, now missa mer dort
nei geh in selly longo wegga?
Daudy—Yah, dord gehta nei.
Cars stop, and conductor sings out "all
aboard."
Daudy—Schtopp, schtopp, do du, mere
wella nit, sei now net in so ra hurry.
Conductor—Just step in here—this
car, this car, politely offering to assist
the ladies.
Mommy—Kumm du, Fanny, bleib
zurrick, loss der Daudy forna naus geh.
Fanny—Yah un der Johnny mag ach
forna naus gan.
Johnny—Nay ich geh nit der mom-
my.
Daudy—Kummet yet—es bracht eich
net bog sei.
Mommy—Is ess donu now miglich das
mer in selly grosse dinger dort nei geht.
Daudy—Kumm yuscht, nei, bong sie.
Conductor—Just step in—time's up
—all aboard.
All hands in the car—Locomotive
whistles.
Johnny—Eye Daudy, was awer sell
peift—for was doona sie so ewig loud
peifta?
Daudy—Ei das die leit ou em weg
gene, for wass emobl shpringt donn
gehts iver alles nou.
Cars commence running.
Fanny—Now, Mommy, was es drum
so storric springt.
Mommy—Mer mehnt doch now net
das es sic kennet. Was alles drum so
nois is do bin, yuscht grand as wie inner
shkott.
Fanny—Un was shay mer do sizzt.
Mommy—Yusst about shay, is so wa-
ich, mer mehnt doch now net das es sei
kennet.
Daudy—Yah, des will dah, es lust,
ich faura deunaweg.
Fanny—Wast deit awer die Sal Wan-
nemacher do dertzu sage wan sie emobl
do in so na granda wagg? fahra kenet?
Mommy—Do dnmms ding do, des is
ken wagg, des is in car.
Johnny—Ich wunner doch now wie
das sie es so storrick springe macha ken-
ta.
Cars stop, and the conductor calls
out M'Veytown.
Mommy—Wie weit sin mer yetts shun
ganga?
Daudy—Elf oder zwelf mile.
Mommy—Ei du Gott noch emobl,
mer set doch net denka das es miglich
wer so storrick zu travella in sou na car,
was drum alles so grand gefixt is!
Daudy—Yah, un des hot auch yust
about geld kosht.
Johnny—Mommy, mommy, wie, weit
genna mer no noch deunaweg?
Mommy—Dah mei guter bu, des kan-
na ich der net sage, do wehs ich nix
daruf—des kann yuscht de dady sauga-
naweg.
Daudy—Es geht noch es ordlich
shittich do wunner.
Fanny—Nun mommy, gook yust was
es springt—ich glaub net das sie's meh
schtoppa kenna.
Mommy—Ei du Gott noch emobl, was
machs mer don do.
Daudy—O sie kennas wobl schtoppa
wand sie wella—net angast dein.
Mommy—O ich set daun auch net
denka das sie es so storrick geh machs
dehta das es bimny shkoptt.

Johnny—Es geht awer good—is es
glat un so schlicht.
Daudy—Yah sell is en fact.
Johnny—Eye, mommy, gook emobl
nous dort, was es grosses wasser.
Mommy—Sell, is awer an rewer.
Fanny, Nay mommy, sei es ken rewer.
Mommy. Was is es dann wass zen
rewer is?
Fanny, Es ist die Juniata, gell daud-
y sell is die Juniata?
Daudy, Ich denk es ist.
Cars again running fast.
Mommy, Gott in Himmel wan awer
die cars do die Henk nanner springa
dehta!
Daudy, Yah, don deunaweg all mit
nanner.
Johnny, Ei is dass wasser doof!
Daudy, Yah, do bin ich gott derfore.
Mommy, Es deht anyhow iwer dein
kop naus gehn.
Cars stop and conductor calls Newton
Hamilton.
Mommy, Was sie awer drum so g'hpas-
sische nama do hen; dort dross wass
McVey stettel, un yetz is es Newton
Hamilton. Awer es is ewe doch arrig
weis in dem car.
Daudy, Yah sell is es.
Cars going at great speed.
Mommy, Ei du Gott noch emobl, saw,
wie weit geats dann noch?
Daudy, Well noch so ar ordlich shittich.
Fanny, Was hen sie daun dort in sel-
lum kich schtively dart am onner end?
Mommy, Sell wehs ich now net.
Johnny, Ich denk dort dubn sie ihrs
midage essn nie, Gell, daudy dort du-
hne sic ess, dort in sellam shittiville.
Daudy, Yah sell wehs ich now net,
Ich denk awer seller Kontuctor wehs.
Mommy, Frok'n doch emobl, ich
been doch wounerfrizich.
The man walks up to the Conductor
and makes the inquiry concerning the
apartment, and receives satisfactory in-
formation.
Mommy, Now was hot er g'saght?
Daudy, Ei er saught as wer den wasser
klosset, sell meut der platz we sies was-
ser drin hen.
Cars stop, and Conductor calls Mill-
creek—the end of our reporters journey.
The party doubtless continued their in-
vestigations.
—An old shipmaster, many years ago
before shipmasters were much employed,
when every master of a ship obtained his
own crew, being ready for a voyage to
India, proceeded to ship his crew, and,
as sailors at that time were very scarce,
to make up his complement, he shipped a
green Irish lad. After he had got to
sea he found that his mate was a man
that could not be depended upon, as he
would go to sleep on his watch. When
the ship fell into the northeast winds,
one pleasant night the Captain went on
in the middle of the watch, found his
mate asleep in the after hatch, and smoke
coming out of the galley. Looking in,
to see what was going on at that time of
night, to his surprise he found his Irish
boy had taken advantage of the mate's
nap to take from the harness cask a piece
of pork, and stole from the ship stores
some eggs, and was having a bit of fry.
The captain in his stern way, being very
much annoyed at the occurrence, called
out to the lad:
"Jerry, I will have none of that."
To which the boy immediately replied,
"Faith, Captain, I've got none for
ye."
A SAILOR IN COMMAND. The routine of
camp life is full of bright as well as of
stiff colors. A correspondent of a paper
writing from Camp Scott, relates that
Capt. Mitchell, of the Union rifles, for-
merly captain of a revenue cutter, wish-
ing men to file to the right, and forget-
ting the regular order, sung out,
"Starboard, boys! I don't know what
the thunder you call it on land!"
The file leader being something of a
sailor, the order was obeyed.